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TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents in advance;
one dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six
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twenty-five cents will be added if payment be delayed
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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms, the
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the amount charged for the advertisement.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING
Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.

A Sister's Thoughts OVER A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BY REV. JOHN HIERPONT.

He sleeps in peace! Death's cold eclipse
His radiant eyes hath shrouded o'er,
And Slander's poison, from the lips
Of woman, on his heart no more
Distils and burns it to its core.

He sleeps in peace! The noble spirit
That beamed forth from his living brow,
Prompt, at the shrine of real merit,
With reverence and truth to bow,
Is, by false tongues, not troubled now.

He sleeps in peace! And while he sleeps,
He dreams not of earth's loves or strifes,
The tears a sister for him weeps;
He knows not that they are not his wife's;
His thoughts are all another life's.

I hope he knows not that the hand,
Once given to him, is now another's;
I know the flame that once it fanned,
Had all gone out. I know, my brother's
Last thoughts were of my love and mother's.

I hope he knows not that his child
Hears not, nor knows, its father's name;
Keep its young spirit undefiled,
And worthy of its father's fame,
O Thou from whom its spirit came!

Thou Father of the fatherless,
The mantle that my brother wore—
The robe of truth and faithfulness—
Keep, for his infant, in thy store;
My brother hath left nothing more!

That mantle! Men had seen him throw
It simply round him, ere it fell:
Peace, brother, 'tis as white as snow;
No one of all on earth that dwells,
Can stain what once became thee well.

In peace thou sleepest: through the bars
Of thy dim cell thy spirit fled;
And now thy sister and the stars
Their tears of dew and pity shed,
Heart-broken brother, on thy bed!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Casket.

The Battle of Trenton.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF AN EYE WITNESS.

"Where bullet on the night air sang!"

BRIDE OF ARBOS.

I had scarcely put my foot in the stirrup be-
fore an Aid-de-camp from the Commander-in-
chief galloped up to me with a summons to the
side of Washington. I bowed in reply, and
dashed up the road. The General-in-chief was
already on horseback, surrounded by his staff,
and on the point of setting out. He was calm
and collected, as if in his cabinet. I checked
my steed on the instant, and lifting my hat, wait-
ed for his commands.

"You are a native of this country?"

"Yes—your excellency."

"You know the roads from McConkey ferry
to Trenton—by the river and Pennington—the
bye-roads and all?"

"As well as I know my alphabet," and I pat-
ted the neck of my impatient charger.

"Then I may have an occasion for you—you
will remain with the staff—ah! that is a spirited
animal you ride, Lieutenant Archer," he added
smiling, as the fiery beast made a demi-volt, that
set the group in commotion.

"Your excellency!"

"Never mind," said Washington, smiling a-
gain, as another impatient spring of my charger,
cut short the sentence. "I see the heads of the
columns are in motion—you will remember,"

and waving his hand, he gave the rein to his
steed, while I fell back bewildered into the staff.

The ferry was close at hand, but the intense
cold made the march any thing but pleasant.

We all, however, hoped on the morrow to redeem
our country by striking a signal blow, and every
heart beat high with the anticipation of victory.

Column after column of our little army defied
at the ferry, and the night had scarcely set in
before the embarkation began.

At last we crossed the Delaware. The whole
night had been consumed in the transportation
of the men and artillery, and the morning was
within an hour or two of dawning before the de-
tachment had been embarked. As I wheeled
my horse on the little bank above the landing
place, I paused an instant to look back through
the obscurity on the scene. The night was dark,

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Number 6.

wild, and threatening—the clouds betokened an
approaching tempest—and I could with difficulty
penetrate with my eye, the fast increasing gloom.
As I put my hand across my brows to pierce in-
to the darkness, a gust of wind, sweeping down
the river, whirled the snow into my face and mo-
mentarily blinded my sight. At last I discerned
the opposite shore amid the obscurity. The
landscape was wild and gloomy. A few desolate
looking houses only were in sight, and they
scarcely perceptible in the shadowy twilight.

The bare trees lifted their hoary arms on high,
groaning and creaking in the gale. The river
was covered with drifting ice, that now jammed
with a crash together, and then floated slowly
apart, leaving scarcely space for the boats to
pass. The dangers of the navigation can better
be imagined than described—for the utmost ex-
ertions could often just prevent the frail structures
from being crushed. Occasionally a stray life
would be heard shooting shrilly over the waters,
mingling feebly with the fiercer piping of the
winds—and anon the deep roll of the drum
would boom across the night, the neighing of a
horse would float from the opposite shore, or the
crash of the jamming ice would be heard like far
off thunder. The cannoners beneath me were
dragging a piece of artillery up the ascent, and
the men were rapidly forming on the shore below
as they landed. It was a stirring scene. At
this instant the band of the — regiment struck
up an enlivening air, and plunging my rowels in-
to my steed, I whirled around, into the road, and
went off on a gallop to overtake the General's
staff.

It was now four o'clock, and so much time
had been consumed that it became impossible to
reach our destination before daybreak, and con-
sequently all certainty of a surprise was over.—
A hasty council was therefore called on horse-
back to determine whether to retreat or not. A
few minutes decided it. All were unanimous to
proceed at every peril.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, after they had
severally spoken, "then we all agree—the attack
shall take place—General," he continued, turn-
ing to Sullivan, "your brigade shall march by the
river road, while I will take that by Pennington;
let us arrive as near eight o'clock as possible.—
But do not pause when you reach their outposts—
drive them in before their ranks can form, and
pursue them to the centre of the town. I shall
be there to take them in the flank—the rest we
must leave to the God of battles. And now, gen-
tlemen, to our posts." In five minutes we were
in motion.

The eagerness of our troops to come up with
the enemy was never more conspicuous than on
the morning of that eventful day. We had
scarcely lost sight of Sullivan's detachment across
the intervening fields, before the long threatened
storm burst over us. The night was intensely
cold; the sleet and hail rattled incessantly upon
the men's knapsacks; the wind shrieked, howled,
and roared among the old pine trees with terrific
violence. At times the snow fell perpendicular
downwards—then it beat horizontally into our
faces with furious impetuosity; and again it was
whirled wildly on high, eddying around and
around, and sweeping away on the whistling
tempest far into the gloom. The tramp of the
men—the low orders of the officers—the occa-
sional rattle of a musket were almost lost in the
shrill voice of the gale, or the deep, sullen roar
of the tortured forest. Even these sounds at length
ceased, and we continued the march in profound
silence, the storm increasing as we drew nearer
to the outposts of the enemy. The redoubled
violence of the gale, though it added to the suf-
ferings of our brave continentals, was even hail-
ed with joy as it decreased the chances of our
discovery, and made us once more hope high for
a successful surprise. Nor were these sufferings
light. Through the dreadful night nothing but
the lofty patriotism of a freeman could have sus-
tained them. Half clothed—many without shoes,
whole companies destitute of blankets, they yet
pressed bravely on against the storm, though
drenched to the skin, shivering at every blast,
and too often marking their footsteps with blood.
Old as I am now, the recollection is still vivid in
my mind. God forbid that such sufferings should
ever have to be endured again!

The dawn at last came, but the storm still rag-
ed. The trees were borne down with sleet, and
the slush was ankle deep in the roads. The few
fields we passed were covered with wet, spongy
snow, and the half buried houses looked bleak
and desolate in the uncertain morning light. It
has been my lot to witness few such forbidding
scenes. At this instant a shot was heard in
front and a messenger dashed furiously up to an-
nounce that the outposts of the British were be-
ing driven in.

"Forward—forward," cried Washington him-
self, galloping up to the head of the column,
"push on, my brave fellows—on!"

The men started like hunters at the cry of the
pack as their General's voice was seconded by a
hasty fire from the riflemen in the van, and for-
getting every thing but the foe, marched rapidly,
with silent eagerness, toward the sound of the
conflict. As they emerged from the wood the
scene burst upon them.

The town lay but a short distance ahead, just
discernible through the twilight, and seemingly
buried in repose. The streets were wholly de-
serted, and as yet the alarm had not reached the
main body of the enemy. A single horseman
was seen fleeing a moment through the mist—he
was soon lost behind a clump of trees—and then
re-appeared, dashing wildly down the main street
of the village. I had no doubt he was a mes-
senger from the outposts for a re-inforcement;
and if suffered to rally once we knew all hope
was gone. To the forces he had left we now
therefore turned our attention.

The first charge of our gallant continentals
had driven the outposts in like the shock of an
avalanche. Just aroused from sleep, and taken
completely by surprise, they did not at first pre-
tend to make a stand, but retreated rapidly and
in disorder, before our vanguard. A few mo-
ments, however, had sufficed to recall their reel-
ing faculties, and perceiving the insignificant
force opposed to them, they halted, hesitated,
rallied, poured in a heavy fire, and even ad-
vanced cheering to the onset. But at this moment
our main body emerged from the wood, and when
my eye first fell upon the Hessian grenadiers,
they were beginning again to stagger.

"On—on—push on, continentals of the —"

shouted the officer in command.

The men with admirable discipline still for-
bore their shouts, and steadily pressed on against
the now flying outposts. In another instant the
Hessians were in full retreat upon the town.

"By heaven!" ejaculated an aid-de-camp at my
side, as a rolling fire of musketry was all at once
heard at the distance of a half mile across the
village, "there goes Sullivan's brigade—the day's
our own."

"Charge the artillery with a detachment from
the eastern regiment," shouted the General as the
battery of the enemy was seen a little to our
right.

The men levelled their bayonets, marched
steadily up to the very mouths of the cannon,
and before the artillery could bring their pieces
to bear, carried them with a cheer. Just then
the surprised enemy was seen endeavoring to form
in the main street ahead, and the rapidly increas-
ing fire on the side of Sullivan, told that the day
in that quarter, was fiercely maintained. A few
minutes of indecision would ruin all.

"Press on—press on there," shouted our Com-
mander-in-chief, galloping to the front, and wav-
ing his sword aloft, "charge them before they
can form—follow me."

The effect was electric. Gallant as had been
their conduct before, our brave troops now seem-
ed to be carried away with perfect enthusiasm.
The men burst into a cheer at the sight of their
Commander's daring, and dashing rapidly into
the town, carried every thing before them like a
hurricane. The half formed Hessians opened a
desultory fire, fell in before our impetuous attack,
wavered, broke, and in two minutes were flying
pell-mell through the town—while our troops,
with admirable discipline, still maintaining their
ranks, pressed steadily up the street, driving the
foe before them. They had scarcely gone a
hundred yards, before the banners of Sullivan's
brigade were seen floating through the mist ahead
—a cheer burst from our men—it was answered
back from our approaching comrades, and per-
ceiving themselves hemmed in on all sides, and
that further retreat was impossible, the whole
regiment we had routed laid down their arms.—
The instant victory was ours, and the foe had
surrendered, every unmanly exultation disappear-
ed from the countenances of our brave troops.—
The fortune of war had turned against their foes;
it was not the part of the brave man to add insult
to misfortune.

We were on the point of dismounting when an
Aid-de-camp wheeled around the corner of the
street ahead, and checking his foaming charger
at the side of Washington, exclaimed breathless-
ly,

"A detachment has escaped—they are in full
retreat on the Princeton road.

Quick as thought the Commander-in-chief
flung himself into the saddle again, and looking
around the group of officers singled me out.

"Lieutenant Archer—you know the roads.—
Colonel — will march his regiment around,

and prevent the enemy's retreat. You will take
them by the shortest route."

I bowed in acknowledgement to the saddle
bow, and perceiving the Col. was some distance
ahead, went like an arrow down the street to join
him. It was but the work of an instant to wheel
the men into an neighboring avenue, and before
five minutes the muskets of the retreating foe
could be seen through the intervening trees. I
had chosen a cross-path which making, as it
were, the longest side of a triangle, entered the
Princeton road a short distance above the town,
and would enable us to cut off completely the
enemy's retreat. The struggle to attain the
desired point where two routs intersected was
short but fierce.

We had already advanced half way before we
were discovered, and though the enemy pressed
with the eagerness of despair, our gallant fellows,
were fired on their part with the enthusiasm of
conscious victory. As we drew rapidly nearer
to the intersection we were cheered by finding
ourselves ahead—a bold, quick push enabled us
to reach it some seconds before the foe—and rap-
idly facing about as we wheeled into the other
road, we summoned the discomfited enemy to
surrender. In half an hour I reported myself at
head quarters as the aid-de-camp of Col. —,
to announce our success.

The exultation of our countrymen on learning
the victory of Trenton, no pen can picture. One
universal shout of victory rolled from Massachu-
setts to Georgia—and we were hailed every where
as the saviours of our country. The dooping
spirits of the colonists were re-animated by the
news; and the enemy paralyzed by the blow, re-
treated in disorder toward Princeton and New
Brunswick. Years have passed away since then;
but I never shall forget the BATTLE OF TRENTON.

A New Song to an Old Tune.

"Knight's candles are burnt out."—SHAKESPEARE.

In the days when I went swindling,
A short time ago,
The landlords launched me out their best,
And I was "all the go;"
I danced, and sung the jocular song,
And quaffed with relish keen;
And nought but mirth and jollity
Around me could be seen.
So thus I passed the pleasant time,
Nor thought of care or wo,
In the days when I went swindling,
A short time ago.

My heart was light, and head was bright,
And briskly flew the cash,
While other people's pockets served
To help me cut a dash;
When I appeared, the dancels leered;
And lovers damned the hour,
Old ladies sighed, young maidens cried,
And storn pupas looked sour;
And thus I passed the pleasant time,
Nor thought of care or wo,
In the days when I went swindling,
A short time ago.

But now, Columbia, to thy shores
I bid a long farewell,
And leave more unpaid bills behind
Than I incline to tell;
But I'll unite, when over sea,
With other Diddlers there,
To sing the land where foreign swells
Are patronised "with care;"
And thus I'll pass the pleasant time,
Nor think of Richard Roe,
As I did when I went swindling,
A short time ago.

A Frontier Heroine.

In the first settlement of the State of Indiana,
it so happened, "two families," one from the
State of New Jersey, and the other from the State
of Virginia, set themselves down together on one
of those tributary streams, which, after flowing
through the richest soil in the world, perhaps,
empty themselves into the great and beautiful
river of Ohio. Hither the heads of those fami-
lies had retired, in hopes that by persevering in-
dustry, and patient endurance of hardship, to lay
the foundation of the future prosperity and hap-
piness of their rising generation. The families
were both large; but my story relates only to the
two oldest of the children, whom I will call Wil-
liam and Mary. They, the second year after
their parents had settled in the same neigh-
hood, became attached to each other, were mar-
ried, and retired a few miles further up the same
stream, to open a clearing for themselves. They
had chosen a rich and beautiful valley; and in the
course of a few years, William had forty or fifty
acres under good improvement—good log house,
stabling, fences, &c. They were both prudent,
and industrious, and what with the sale of their

corn, poultry, maple sugar, &c. to the traveller,
and new settlers, they had accumulated a consid-
erable sum of money, which was carefully hoard-
ed up, to pay for their land as soon as it should
be surveyed and offered for sale. They had now
three beautiful little children; and as Mary had
received a tolerable education in her native State,
she was beginning to be daily engaged in impart-
ing instruction to her rising offspring. Already
had they a few flowers, garden-plants, and fruit-
trees around their little dwelling, together with
the sweet brier, woodbine and rose—indeed ev-
ery thing around them seemed to bespeak a de-
gree of industry and comfort not generally enjoy-
ed by the first settlers of the forest. In this situ-
ation matters stood when the whole frontier, and
indeed the whole State, was thrown into commo-
tion and alarm. Many depredations and massa-
cres were committed by the Indians, and some
"deeds of dreadful note" were done, which nev-
er could be satisfactorily accounted for. To check
these marauders, lines of block houses had
been erected in various parts of the State, in
which were posted detached parties of soldiers
and militia, who acted as picket-guards to the
frontier inhabitants—they also served as a line
of communication from post to post, and as a
place of refuge for the weak and defenceless, from
the approach of the enemy. One of these lines
of block-houses extended through the settlement
in which William lived, and most of the inhabi-
tants had taken shelter within their walls; he,
however, from some cause or other had neglected
to do so, as well as one or two of his nearest
neighbors.

One morning, William had taken his ride and
gone some miles on business, promising to return
home as early in the evening as possible. He
had not been gone more than an hour, when Mary,
who was a few rods from the house with her
children, was alarmed by the sudden and horrid
yell of the savage—two of them at the same time
appearing in the skirts of a wood a few hundred
yards distant. She instantly caught up the two
children that were nearest her and fled to the
house—having placed them within the door, she
was returning for the other; when she saw with
agony that one of the Indians had already seized
upon her hapless child, while the other was mak-
ing towards the house with lengthened strides;
terrible yells, and uplifted tomahawk: What was
to be done; there was no alternative, and she re-
treated precipitately within; and scarce had a
moment left to secure the door on the inside with
a wooden bar, when the Indian was at it endeavor-
ing to force it open; but finding it much bet-
ter secured than he anticipated, he began to ut-
ter the most horrid execrations, and called his
companion to his assistance—they both seemed
to speak the English language perfectly; which
not a little surprised Mary: They made various
efforts to force open the door, all the while utter-
ing the most dreadful threats; that if she did not
immediately open it and let them in, they would
murder her child, and then burn down the house

The Moniteur also still continues to announ

judicial department of the government shall

use of the money.—*Dover (N. H.) Gazette.*

editor in the country.

I not the least doubt,

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